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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

A SONG OF LOVE.

I was as poor as the poorest, dear, and the
But not that day when you came my way,
Ah! not that day when the fragrant May
bent over the world her sky!

I was as lone as the loneliest, love, with
never a dream of bliss;
But not that day when you passed my way
and leaped to my thankful kiss!
Nay! not that day, while my lips can say:
"There was never a joy like this!"

Dear, it is something to know this love—let
the skies be black or blue;
It is something to know that you love me
so—the tender, the sweet, the true!
And my heart will beat for that love, my
sweet, till I dream in the dust with
you.

—F. D. Stanton, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

STORY TELLER.

THAT BOOKCASE.

We had moved into a new house
and as usual in such cases found our-
selves needing a great many things we
had not needed in the old one.
Among other things we needed book
shelves. We had not been buying more
books, and all the shelves we ever had
had been brought along, yet by some
mysterious hocus-pocus after all were
filled, there remained a number of odd
volumes lying about in all sorts of
precarious and inconvenient places.

Richard, head of the house, had
appeared impervious to the delicate
hints thrown out in his presence. Yet
something must be done, and quickly.
"There is nothing that gives a room
such a delightfully livable look as
plenty of well-filled book-shelves," re-
marked my daughter Victoria, a young
woman of 18, who has inherited that
visionary turn of mind, with which I
have nobly and unsuccessfully striven
for so many years.

As she said it she was standing in a
graceful pose, with her eyes dreamily
fixed upon a niche between the dumb
waiter and the chimney piece, and I
knew she was in imagination filling
out that space with nice ebonyized
shelves all neatly edged with pinked
leather and rows of brass headed nails,
and hung with a pretty silken curtain.
So was I, or rather with something a
little less fine, but more attainable.
I don't think Victoria was prepared
for my response.

"Suppose we make a bookcase?"
Victoria stated.

"Make a bookcase?" she repeated.
"Do you know what you are talking
about?"

"I do," I calmly answered. "Let
us first consider what is a bookcase,
or rather, a set of book-shelves? An
object, a structure, let us say,
composed of boards sawed or other-
wise fashioned into appropriate
shapes, fastened together by nails
and finally stained and varnished. Is
there anything mysterious or occult or
even elaborate about an ordinary set
of book-shelves? Given the raw
material, what is needed to produce
the desired result?"

"A cabinetmaker or carpenter?"
I persisted. "You forget that in the
beginning every man was his own
carpenter. The germ, the rudiment
of a carpenter lies dormant in us all.
In other words, every man!"

"In a sort of mute, inglorious car-
penter," interpolated Victoria.

"And every woman," I went on,
ignoring the interruption, "for the
female of every species!"

"Don't," broke in Victoria again.

"This is not a meeting of the
Woman's Anthropological Society.
Go on and tell in plain English how
you propose to make a bookcase."

"In plain English then," I respond-
ed. "I propose to buy the raw material,
borrow Macafferty's hand-saw—
we have a hammer, and with your as-
sistance construct a bookcase or a set
of shelves, which, though probably
lacking in some non-essential points,
will answer all reasonable purposes."

Victoria did not oppose me. Peo-
ple seldom do. We immediately
set about making the necessary calcu-
lations. I made the measurements,
which Victoria jotted down on her
tablets. We found that we should
need 28 feet of boards 8 inches
wide for the sides and shelves, 12
feet of narrow strips for the rests,
and a few nails. We had some
walnut stain left over from the
floors, and as I have said, I hung my
hopes of a saw on the obliging Irish
grocer woman at the corner.

The next morning I went to the
nearest lumber yard and stated my
wants to a red-eyed young man, who
was yawning over a ledger in the
office.

"I want some boards," I began.

"What yer wan't 'em for?" asked
the young man with a suspicious
look.

"To make bookshelves," I meekly
answered.

"Who's goin' to make 'em?"
again asked the young man with a
hideous yawn.

It may seem strange, but it never
entered my head to wonder what this
red-eyed young lumberman had to do
with that side of the case and I an-
swered humbly, for I cannot tell a lie,
"I and my daughter."

The look which the young man be-
stowed upon me would have aroused
the self-respect of a door-mat. Just
as I was on the point of making a re-
mark calculated to reduce that horny
handed son of toil to his proper place,
the telephone call sounded, and leav-
ing me standing where I was, he went
leisurely over to that instrument and
engaged in one of those one sided
conversations so curiously interesting to
an outsider. It was about a follows:

"Moldin's? Ya's. Why in—
didn't he says so?"

Aside, evidently reflecting on the
intellectual powers of third party re-
ferred to.

"My orders was for cherry, I tell
ye!"

Aside, containing frightful sug-
gestions concerning the immortal part
of third party.

"How much d'ye want?"

Aside, referring in disgraceful lan-
guage to the ancestry of the third
party.

"All right, I'll send it down."
It was quite exciting to listen to.
It might have been even more so had
the remarks interpolated gone over
the wire also.

Presently the young man lounged
back to his desk and surveyed me a
moment in a dazed sort of fashion.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "you wanted
some shelvin's. What kind?"

I had no idea, but answered with
calm dignity.

"The kind generally used."

The young man looked at me with
indisguised though mild contempt.

"Some uses white pine, some yaller
pine, some poplar, some ash, some
walnut, some cherry."

"I don't want anything expensive,"
I exclaimed. "We are going to stain
the shelves."

"Wall, I guess white pine shelvin'
is good enough."

He did not say "for women to fool
with," but I am morally certain that
it was in his mind. I followed him
into a huge shed piled high with lum-
ber, and he began pulling out boards.

"I want them smooth," I suggested.

"Dressed," corrected the young
man. Then he yawned so that for a
whole moment the shed was obscured.
I thought the boards never would be
forthcoming, he was obliged to re-
peat the process so often. But we
came to terms finally, and paying him
the sum of \$1.10 I exultingly depart-
ed, leaving him engaged in another
lurid telephonic conversation with his
invisible adversary.

Yet in justice to this young lum-
ber dealer, I must say that he proved
himself not wholly without feeling,
for just as I turned to go, he relented
sufficiently in his supercilious treat-
ment of me to throw out a valuable
suggestion.

"You better git wire nails," he re-
marked between two more yawns.

I shall keep a warm corner in my
grateful heart for that young man,
for I know what that suggestion
saved me from in the way of mashed
fingers and moral deterioration.
Those wire nails are a great inven-
tion.

With 5 cents' worth of them in my
pocket, I returned home.

me of a spirited horse that feels a
woman's hand on his bridle for the
time. But I am proud to say that I
got it under control at last, and sawed
straight through the board in a mas-
terly manner.

"Oh," said Victoria with a nervous
laugh, as the process went on "it feels
awful funny. Like having your
foot asleep or taking an electric
shock."

Every now and then Emiline came
in and cast a disapproving eye on our
proceedings. Your colored lady is a
great conservative, and I have no
doubt that Emiline suspected Victo-
ria and myself of the most advanced
and reprehensible sentiments, and that
we lost caste with her henceforth.

The two sides of the bookcase be-
ing now ready, we proceeded to saw
the strips into eight-inch lengths for
the shelves to rest on.

Before this job was completed
Victoria was almost in hysterics.
Once she decided that she would prefer
to saw, but after a brief and spirited
tussle with that instrument returned
to her former position, sadder and
wiser.

By the time the strips were ready it
was 12 o'clock, and Dick, my boy,
aged 9, came home from school. Of
course he was seized with a desire to
have a hand in the business, and
Victoria resigned in his favor, and
went up to the dining room to nail
the short pieces to the sides, which
had to be done before the top and bot-
tom pieces were nailed on.

Then Dick took up the position
abdicated by his sister, and I set
about sawing the 16-foot board into
short lengths for the shelves, having
previously measured off and marked
the distances in the most workman-
like manner. I was pretty well worn
out by this time, but I meant to have
those shelves sawed off before lunch
and struggled. I missed Victoria. It
was not only her avoirdupois that
was wanting, but her moral support
as well, for in spite of "feeling fun-
ny" and getting hysterical now and
then, she stuck to her post with
true Casabianca heroism. Dick, on
the contrary, wriggled, squirmed,
screamed with laughter, fell off the
board several times, tripped standing
upon it and ended in open rebellion
and tears.

If any one is disposed to condemn
Dick, let him try sitting on a board
laid across an empty box while an
undeveloped carpenter saws that board
in two. As is well known, when a
woman sets out to be cruel, she beats
the record, and I blush now to own
that I kept poor Dick undergoing this
torture *peine et dure* until the last
shelf fell to the ground. Then we
went up to lunch. I took one of the
shelves along to be sure that I had
measured rightly. I held it up against
the wall. It seemed to be just right.

"There is nothing like accuracy,"
I carelessly remarked as I laid the
shelf on the floor of the niche. That
is, I tried to do so, but it would not
lie down. I had measured too high.
I had allowed nothing for the floor
boards. The shelves were all too
long, and there were seven of them.

I did not enjoy my lunch. Neither
did Dick. Those seven shelves, with
their superfluous inches, rested heavily
on our spirits. Victoria, on the con-
trary, was in high feather, though to
do her justice she did offer to
relieve Dick, but gave up the attempt
at the first shelf.

"It feels like I was a crazy bone all
over," whined Dick.

"It will soon be over," I cheerfully
urged. Then more severely: "How
will you ever be a great explorer or a
great soldier if you can not bear a
little discomfort? Think of what
General Greely and his men suffered
and Stanley. Think of poor Stanley!"

"Yes," responded Dick illogically,
"and think of all they've got for it!"
The government isn't going to make
me a general or give me a heap of
money for just sitting on a board and
having my insides jiggered to pieces!

Where do boys in respectable
families acquire so many vulgar ex-
pressions?

At last it was over, and Dick and I
with our physical systems all in a
quiver, took the pieces up into the
dining room. Victoria was waiting
for us, and it did not take long to nail
on the end pieces, which were, by the
way, sawed just the thickness of the
boards longer than the others. Then
with exultation in our souls we stood
over the thing on end. It was a tall,
narrow case and—I regret to say—it
wobbled fearfully the moment it
found itself upright. It evidently
had no confidence in itself, and of
course our confidence in it was
shaken.

"It reminds me of a girl I knew at
school," said Victoria, trying not to
laugh. "She was 13 and taller than
the teacher, and he was a tall man.
She loped and wobbled around just
like this."

Then we both sat down and
laughed until we cried, still holding
on to the bookcase.

"This will never do," I finally said.
"Some way, somehow, this thing
must be finished and in its place be-
fore your father sees it. You know
how he ridiculed the idea."

By which it will be seen that my
vaunting ambition and sublime con-
fidence had suffered already a decline.

We set the thing—we had ceased
to speak of it as a bookcase by this
time—into the niche, and one of us
slid in the shelves, while the other
held on. They went in beautifully,
but still the thing would not stand on
its own responsibility.

"Something is the matter with its
center of gravity," said Victoria.

"It hasn't any," I averred.

I shall never know what I did the
thing. In appearance it did not dif-
fer from a hundred other bookcases I
have seen before and since constructed
by amateur carpenters, but the
fact remains that the instant we took
our hands from it it began to pitch
forward.

"It will have to be fastened back
to the wall somehow," I said in de-
spiration.

So Victoria held on to it while I
went for some picture nails and the
stepladder, and some wire, and some
screws, and some saws, and the screw
driver, and a gimlet.

Then I mounted the ladder and
went to work.

At the end of half an hour both
strength and ingenuity were exhaust-
ed, and all I had to show for it was
several big holes in the wall and a
variety of bent and broken nails,
screws, etc. The hallowed state of
my moral nature I will pass over.

Victoria still clung heroically to the
toppling structure. The situation was
becoming desperate. A *coup d'etat*
was called for.

"I have it!" I cried at length.
"We will nail it to the dumb waiter.
When the books are in, no one will see
it."

Three long nails secured the thing
to the dumb waiter, and it was won-
derful what a difference it made. The
thing really began to hold up its head
and look at us in the face, and we
stopped speaking of it as a thing and
gave it its original title again.

Next came the staining. Victoria
being the artist of the family was
entrusted with this delicate task—
delicate, because it must be done with-
out smearing the wall at the back.

"Why didn't we do it before we
nailed it up?" moaned Victoria.

"Because then we should have had
to wait for it to dry, and your father
would have seen it in all its ghastly
incompleteness."

The reply was satisfactory.

When my husband came home that
evening, he found me a physical
wreck (though of course I took care
that he should not discover that fact),
and the bookcase stood firmly in its
brazen impudence and spurious
dignity. The stained surface looked
very well by gaslight, and Richard's
eyes not being good he did not dis-
cover the nails that held it in place.

A brass plaque and a vase filled with
heather and grasses from the Rhine
had been artfully placed on the top
shelf, so he did not discover the holes
in the plastering either, but viewed
the grand result with mingled sur-
prise and amazement.

"Do you think you could do bet-
ter?" I haughtily inquired.

"Well—I think I could have nailed
the strips on a little more evenly," re-
sponded my better half.

Perhaps he would have done so. I
had noticed the straight line, but
Victoria had kept herself so well in
hand when my mistake in measure-
ment came to light, that I had not
felt like saying anything.

Before breakfast next morning I
had the shelves filled with books and
really no one would believe how well
that bookcase looked.

My husband shows it to everyone
who comes in with an air of ostenta-
tious pride that under the circum-
stances is highly entertaining.

Victoria and I are often compelled to
retire to conceal our unhalloved mirth.
We know too well that bookcase is a
sham, a fraud, depending on three
wire nails for its perpetuity, and we
try to harden our hearts and say,
"What does a sham or two more or
less matter in this world of shams?"
But there are moments when the in-
sincerity of that bookcase, the brazen

front it presents to the beholder, strike
us with disgust, and a guilty con-
sciousness of being participants in an
undiscovered crime destroys our en-
joyment of the humor of the thing.—
Home Maker.

SCIENCE NOTES.

In regard to the mammoth-remains
of Canada and Alaska, Dr. G. M.
Dawson notes that in the northwes-
tern part of the continent they are
abundant in, if not confined to, the
limits of a great unglaciated area
there, comprising nearly all Alaska
and part of the adjacent Yukon dis-
trict of Canada. No mastodon-bones
have been reported from this region.

The lawn adjoining the station of
the Delaware & Hudson Road at Sara-
toga is fenced by two rows of old
locomotive-tubes, set in posts and
painted. The top rails are connected
so as to make a continuous pipe, and
the lengths of tube are perforated
with small holes a few feet apart.

Each morning a line of hose is attached
to the top rail, and the water turned
on, with the result that the grounds
are thoroughly sprinkled without the
expenditure of labor.

Tesla, the electrician, suggests that
since images are recognized in the
brain through the medium of the
retina and the optic nerve, it may be
possible for the brain to evolve an
image upon the retina by a sort of
reflex action when the mental picture
is formed in the mind, and that pos-
sibly means may at some time be
obtained by which this image upon
the retina may be recognized so that
true mind-reading may be effected.

Referring to the common statement
that electricity is still in its infancy,
Professor Dolbear recently said:
"Electricity is not in its infancy.
Despite what has been done there is
nothing in the present use of elec-
tricity that has not been known for
many years. Arc-lights were known
eighty years ago; the telegraph is
sixty years old, the telephone thirty,
and the incandescent lamp ditto.

We are not at work with new things
or on new principles. If you are run-
ning a motor with electricity, it is not
a new discovery in electricity to apply
the same power to the operation of a
lathe or a street-car."

The match-industry in Russia has
largely developed. In 1891 there
were 271 factories producing 144-
750,000 matches, of which about 38-
000,000 were non-phosphorus or
safety matches. The excise duty is
one kopeck (about two-thirds of a
cent) on a box containing from 225 to
300 matches, and less in proportion
on smaller boxes. The manufacture
of sulphur matches dates from the most
ancient times. The manufacture of
phosphorus matches had been estab-
lished in Russia before 1840, but its
dimensions were for a long time very
limited, partly because the bulk of
the Russian people continued to use
the flint and tinder for striking a
light, and partly because the manu-
facture, as well as the use, of phos-
phorus was subject to very restraining
regulations.

Dr. McClintock, of the University
of Michigan, has performed experi-
ments which indicate that eggs may
become infested with microbes before
they are laid. A healthy hen, after
repeated washings in sterilizing solu-
tions, was placed in a sterilized cage.
As soon as possible after being laid, a
portion of her eggs were placed in
sterilized cotton, and then in an in-
cubator. All these eggs decayed and
swarmed with bacteria. The remain-
ing eggs were taken as soon as laid,
and cultures were made from their
contents. Some of these culture
tubes developed; others remained
sterile. After some days the hen was
killed, and with proper aseptic pre-
cautions culture tubes were inoculat-
ed from various portions of the
oviduct. Most of these tubes de-
veloped. It would thus seem prob-
able that the putrefactive bacteria
entered the egg in its passage down
the oviduct and before the shell was
formed.

Interesting information is given by
a French traveler in China of the
Mau-tzu, a people who occupy all the
territory between China proper and
Tibet. The feudal system prevails
among these mountaineers, who are
divided up into more than eighty
small states. Lamaism is the religion
professed by the majority. The
languages of these states, which are
more Tibetan than Chinese, differ
very much one from another. The
Mau-tzu are fairly well made and
strong. They do not wear a cue like
the Chinese, and dress in coarse wool-

len fabrics, which they make for
themselves. The men wear a shirt
with a collar, and the women wear
dresses consisting of body and skirt,
two styles unknown in China, and re-
minding one of European fashions.
Their houses, too, built of stone, have
usually one or two stories above the
ground floor, the latter being always
occupied by cattle, upon which they
chiefly depend. The animals reared
by the Mau-tzu are the horse, the
horned and the hornless yak, two
species of cow, sheep with long spiral
horns, and the goat, one variety of
which has four horns. The pigs,
dogs, cats, and fowls which are bred
there, are identical with those found
in the rest of China.

STAINS REMOVED IN VARIOUS WAYS.

Stains are always before the public.
All kinds of stains are continually ap-
pearing on all sorts of articles and fab-
rics. What will remove one stain is
very likely to make another stain grow
larger and more distressingly con-
spicuous.

Here are a few single directions for
the removal of the most common
stains:

Fruit Stains.—The simplest method
of removing these is to place the
stained part of the cloth over a bowl
and continue pouring boiling water
through until the stain disappears.
If this is done soon after the article
is stained there will be no trouble in
most cases. Oxalic acid will also re-
move fruit stains. Put three ounces
of the crystals in a bottle with half
a pint of water and have the prepara-
tion ready for use. When stains are
to be removed, have a large pail of
water and a bottle of household am-
monia on hand. Wet the stained
parts with the acid, and then rub.

When the stains have disappeared
put the article in the water. Wash
thoroughly in several waters, and wet
the parts with the ammonia, that all
trace of the acid may be removed.
Finally rinse again.

Grease Spots.—To remove them
from delicate fabrics like silk, crepe,
ribbons, etc., spread the articles
stained on a clean cloth and cover with
powdered French chalk or Fuller's
earth. Roll up the article and put it
away for a few weeks, and it will be-
come clean. Where soap and hot
water can be used, wash the spots in
very hot water, using plenty of soap.
Then rinse well. French chalk may be
powdered and mixed with cold water
to make a thick paste. Spread this on
the grease spot and let it remain for
several days, then brush off. If the
stain has not entirely disappeared, ap-
ply the mixture a second time.

Coffee, Tea and Wine Stains.—If
these stains on table linen are of long
standing, and have been washed with
soap, it is rather difficult to get rid of
them. But javelle water—which can
be made at home or bought of a drug-
gist—is generally most successful.
Put about half a pint of javelle water
and a quart of clear water into an
earthen bowl; let the stained article
soak in this for several hours. Then
rinse thoroughly in three waters. It
is only white goods that can be treated
in this manner, as the javelle water
bleaches out the color.

Sewing-Machine Oil Stains.—To
remove these, rub the stain with sweet
oil or lard, and let it stand for several
hours. Then wash it in soap and
cold water.

Pitch and Tar Stains.—Rub lard on
the stain, and let it stand for a few
hours. Sponge with spirits of tur-
pentine until the stain is removed.
If the color of the fabric be changed,
sponge it with chloroform and the
color will be restored.

Ink Stains.—Tear blotting paper in
pieces and hold the rough edges on
the ink when it is freshly spilled, or
cover the spot with Indian meal, or
the liquid ink may be absorbed by
cotton batting. If ink be spilled,
upon a carpet, cut a lemon in two, re-
move a part of the rind and rub the
lemon on the stain. If the ink-
stained article be washed immediately
in several waters and then in milk, let-
ting it soak in the milk for several
hours, the stain will disappear.

Washing the article immediately in
vinegar and water, and then in soap
and water, is another remedy which
will remove all ordinary ink stains.
No matter what substance be used to
remove ink, the stain must be rubbed
well. If the article stained be a
carpet on the floor, use a brush.

Grass Stains.—Rub the article
stained with alcohol, then wash in
clean water.

The Cost of One Drink.

Some men are so made that the
mere taste of liquor will kindle in them
a raging thirst for more.

A doctor and his friend were once
talking together in front of a saloon
when a master mechanic, a man of
admirable and excellent character, a
first-class workman, full of business,
with an interesting family, respected
by everybody and bidding fair to be
one of the leading men of the city
came up to them and laughingly said:

"Well, I have just done what I
never did before in my life."

"Ah, what was that?"

"Why, Mr. — has owed me a bill
for work for a long time, and I dunned
him for the money till I was tired,
but a minute ago I caught him out
here, and asked him for the money."

"Well," he said, "I'll pay it to you if
you'll step in here, and get a drink
with me." "No," said I, "I never drink
—never drank in my life." "Well,"
he replied, "do as you please; if you
won't drink with me, I won't pay
your bill—that's all!" But I told him
I could not do that. However, find-
ing he would not pay the bill, rather
than lose the money, I just went in
and got the drink." And he laughed
at the strange occurrence as he con-
cluded.

As soon as he had finished the story,
the physician's companion, an old,
discreet, shrewd man, turned to him,
and in a most impressive tone, said:

"Sir, that was the dearest drink
that ever crossed your lips, and the
worst bill you ever collected."

And terribly did time verify that
prediction. In less than twelve
months he was a confirmed, disgraced
sot, a vagabond in society, a curse
to those who loved him, a loathing
and a shame wherever he went. At last
he died a horrible death in an infir-
mary, from a disease produced solely by
intoxication.

Coccus, the Blind Plant.

It may seem incredible to some of
my readers, writes the "Notes for the
Curious" editor of the *St. Louis Re-
public*, but I have from the lips of
one of the best opticians west of the
Mississippi, that twenty-one per cent
of the 50,000 or 60,000 blind persons
in the United States were rendered so
by the growth of a remarkable fungus
plant which seems to be perfectly at
home in the human eye. The little
plant which causes this terrible affliction
belongs to the lowest order of the
fungi, and is a single-celled organism
known as a coccus. It propaga-
tes simply by division—that is, a
single cell, growing to its full size,
splits into two or more, usually four,
perfect plants, these again subdivid-
ing as before.

These plants grow upon the ex-
ternal covering of the eye, and soon
destroy the clear medium so necessary
to vision. The propagation of the
little mischief-maker is very rapid,
and its growth in the tissues covering
the eye-ball causes much irritation,
cutting off the supply of nutriment,
and resulting in congestion. So far
as is known, it is spread only by in-
fection, and must be planted directly
upon suitable soil before it can grow.
This, in brief, is what is known as
the bacterial cause of blindness.

Do Women Know?

That chamois skin should never be
used where there is anything greasy.
That for ironing, cotton holders
heat the hands less than woolen ones.
That an old salt bag cleanses
steamed kitchen windows without
leaving lint.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 9, 1894.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

The convention of New Hampshire Deaf-Mutes, which met at Rochester, N. H., on the 4th and 5th insts., decided by vote to request that the authorities at the Hartford School add printing to the list of trades now taught to pupils at that school. The "American Asylum" is the oldest of all our institutions for the education of the deaf; is excellently conducted and shows high results of its teaching in the graduates sent out into the world; is conservative but progressive in its methods of instruction, which together form what some call the "eclectic," and others the "combined" system; but in one thing it is behind a great many of the institutions in other States, and that is in having no printing office included in its industrial department. The record of printing in the New York Institution shows that the pupils who take the full course at school never fail to find remunerative and pleasant employment as compositors. Besides the bread and butter phase of the question, the discipline in a well-conducted printing office begets habits of attention and the ability to concentrate the mind, which is a very important essential to progress in the classroom. There is also the constant reading and setting-up of grammatical language, which exerts a very decided influence upon the pupils, forming as it does a sort of substitute for the natural method by which hearing children learn to talk and to understand. Hartford should take into consideration this request of the New Hampshire Convention, and if possible carry it out.

The *Advance* of August 4th publishes the constitution and by-laws of the Alumni Association of the Illinois Institution on the third page, and on the fourth page of the same issue a preamble with important alterations. We do not know who has suggested or drawn up the latter, but on account of its clearness and completeness in covering all the points that are likely to be brought forward at conventions, and the total absence of all ambiguity of expression or intent, it is worthy of being adopted. The constitution as at present, with its haphazard "board of directors," has a tendency to demean rather than dignify the office of president of the association, so that the president becomes a mere figurehead. The association meets at Springfield, Ill., on August 23d, and a big programme that will occupy the sessions for three days has already been published. Mrs. James C. Balis, a talented and accomplished graduate of the Illinois Institution, who is now a teacher in the Belleville (Canada) Institution, will be the "Alumni Orator" on the occasion.

The editor thankfully acknowledges an invitation to attend the reunion of graduates of the Mississippi Institution, to occur September 22d to 25th, at the Institution in Jackson, Miss. Want of time, the great distance, and the expense prevents us from making a flying trip to the Sunny South. However, we hope some kind friend will send us an account of the affair for publication in the JOURNAL.

This is a month of conventions of the deaf. There will be five held, in five different States—Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Maine—within a period of fifteen

days. Counting the New Hampshire gathering, a report of which appears in this issue of the JOURNAL, August tops the convention record with a total of six conventions for the month.

The editor of the JOURNAL will be present at the conventions held in Worcester, Mass., Syracuse, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa., and our readers will find full and accurate accounts of these conventions in the succeeding issues of the JOURNAL.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

James Thompson has returned to New York, after a month or so spent in Pennsylvania.

Ranald Douglas has turned railroad photographer. He has secured important concessions from the Lehigh Valley Road to take views along its scenic route.

James Thompson, of New York City, returned to Allegheny City from his southern trip, on the 31st of July. He visited Miss Carol Morgan, of Bridgeville, Pa., who was a pupil at the Mount Airy Institution for Deaf-Mutes in Philadelphia.

MARRIED.—By the Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. F. Molt, Rome, N. Y., Annie Elizabeth Seltzer to Charles Lewis Lashbrook, of Malone, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, August 1st, at eight o'clock.

Mr. Emil Basch recently received, in a letter from Germany, the sad tidings of his beloved mother's demise there. His friends will remember meeting the good woman while on a visit in this country. She was a most devoted wife and mother. He has the sympathy of his many friends in his bereavement.

J. Burr Benedict, the deaf-mute who was engaged in the composing rooms of the *Times* last summer, now holds an important position on the *Herald*, a neat little daily published at Lorain, O. Mr. Benedict has many friends in Urbana who are always pleased to hear of his success.—*Urbana (Ohio) Daily Times*.

Miss Maggie Owens, of Sheffield, O., favored her friend, Miss Georgie Lamson, of Lorain, O., with a visit. Both these young ladies are students of the Ohio Institution. It deserves to be mentioned, by the way, that Miss Lamson, who is making herself agreeable to the Christian Endeavor, has the blood in her veins and is of the family of the immortal Mrs. Willard.

The *Saratoga Register* mentions among other names of prominent and popular residents in Saratoga, that of the Kearny family, and speaks in high terms of them; of one of their daughters, Mrs. Wright, it says: "Mrs. W. S. Wright and her sweet daughter Emma is spending the sunny days of the summer at the home of her parents, the Hon. Edward Kearny and wife's palatial residence, 'The Edna,' on Caroline Street, Mrs. Wright is a petite brunette and attractive beauty, and very social and animated. She is an enthusiastic New Yorker."

THE NEW JERSEY PICNIC.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society will hold its First Annual Picnic on September 15th, at Shooting Park, Newark, N. J. The park is said to be the oldest and largest, and probably the handsomest for its surroundings. It has a small Zoological Garden with deer, monkeys, ducks, swans, etc. Rest assured the picnic will be a financial success. The Committee are doing all in their power to carry it out on a grand scale for the amusement of picnic-goers.

There will be some games played on the grounds, such as baseball, tug-of-war, bowling and running matches. The Xavier Baseball Club will play against the New Jerseys. Tug-of-war between the Fanwood Quind Club and New Jersey Association; 100-yd. dash for a medal; 300-yd. run for a medal; bowling match for a handsome prize. Those who wish to take part in the running match should report to Chas. McManus, of 150 Court Street, Newark, N. J., with an entrance fee of 50 cents. Regular supper will be served at the park, at the low rate of 50 cents, from 6.30 to 8 P.M.; after 8 P.M., from 75 cents to \$1. Those who desire to go should take the Pennsylvania Railroad from Cortlandt Street, New York, or the Central Railroad of New Jersey from Liberty Street, for Newark, and then take the South Orange Avenue trolley cars direct to the park. *Come one, and come all, and have a grand time.*

The Xavier Baseball Club and New Jersey muties will wear uniforms, and begin play at 2.30 P.M., sharp. At 3.30 P.M., running match and tug-of-war. At 4 P.M., dancing and bowling, and other games. About twelve members of the New Jersey Society will race for the prizes.

The badges and prizes are made by Schindler & Denis. They are very handsome.

The park has a big hall, large reception room, rifle-range, swing, ice-cream and confectionery stand, big ball ground with grand-stand.

THE COMMITTEE.
NEWARK, N. J., August 7, '94.

WHISPERINGS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. White's address is No. 61 Everett Street, Allston, Mass.

The combined excursion and picnic of the Charitable Relief Society was a pleasant as well as a successful affair. To the efforts of the Committee, consisting of Mrs. Rudolph, Mrs. Adam Acheson and Mrs. Harrington, the whole thing owed its success.

The long sail down the harbor was one of its most enjoyable affairs. About one hundred or more persons went in the steamer from Boston. One thing was noticeable on the trip both ways: while a good many passengers were more or less troubled with sea-sickness, not one of the deaf-mutes suffered from it. After a sail of two hours and a half, the party reached Salem Willows, and found other friends on hand to welcome them, from Lynn, Salem, Beverly and other adjacent towns. An agreeable surprise was had in the meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Hardy P. C. Chapman, of Winsted, Conn., after an absence of several years. They are staying in Salem, where they used to live. Both were looking well, and their old friends found them the same pleasant, entertaining couple they had ever been.

The sea-grit peninsula of Salem Willows was an attractive place, with plenty of diversions for the old and young. The Casino, where roller-skating was in vogue, was well patronized by expert skaters, among whom Eugene Acheson bore himself as the king, prancing and dancing with the grace and skill of the famous polo-player that he is. Mr. Conant, who also had the reputation of being a polo-player, found fault with the skates and the rough floor, and did not accept himself as well. Several young ladies took part in the amusement, among whom were Miss Marshall, Mrs. Abrams, Miss Reardon and Miss Southwick.

Mrs. Abrams made her debut into Boston society after her marriage on this occasion, and proved herself a charming addition to the Hub, while Mr. Abrams looked the happy bridegroom that he was, and wore a smile as long as the Charles River in receiving the congratulations of his friends upon his happy choice of a wife.

Miss Marshall, of Connecticut, was a guest of Mrs. Ira H. Derby, of Weymouth, who was also present, and Miss Marshall won many friends by her bright intelligence and happy disposition. She said in reply to inquiries from New Englanders, who took great interest in the progress of her talented sister, recently graduated from the Hartford Institution with the highest honors in her class, that the latter was obliged to postpone her entry into the Gallaudet College for one year at least. When asked why she did not herself go to the college, Miss Marshall declared that she was not as studious as her sister, and could never get through. Many, however, think she could if she only tried.

The Beverly folks came along in the afternoon.—Mrs. Swett, Mrs. Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. Poland, Mr. and Mrs. Cross. Mrs. Swett was the centre of an admiring group of hearing ladies, who asked her questions on the subject of the gathering at the Willows. The policeman also asked her questions, and took down her answers for the local papers. Mrs. Swett evidently is a bright old lady. About a dozen years ago, a merry party of deaf-mutes hired a cottage on the co-operative plan at the Williams during a summer, and as it happened, five of the party were present, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy P. Chapman, Harry Chapman, Geo. A. Holmes and "Free Lance," and they went to visit the historic cottage, where so many happy hours were spent. A crowd of friends followed them, for whose benefit every well-remembered spot, or everything associated with the days of long ago, was pointed out. The place was admirably viewed, and the opinion was generally expressed that a more delightful spot for "camping-out," with bathing, boating, fishing, etc., could not have been chosen, and the wish was expressed in favor of another camping party in the same place. Murder will out, and a mystery in these days now came out into the light. Hardy P. Chapman told how one day, after a long sail with Geo. A. Holmes, he returned with a big lot of fine fish, which delighted the ladies in the party, and the lucky fishermen were congratulated and made much of, though the fact was, as Mr. Chapman now stated, that they had no luck that day, and while returning home, met a fishing smack and bought their fish from them. Mr. and Mrs. Gorham D. Abbott, Mr. Isaac N. Soper, of New York, Mr. John Albert Prince, of Washington, D. C., and others, were among the camping-out party, and the tale they could tell of the pleasures of such a life is enough to make those who have never tried it in congenial company long for it.

One of the most interesting sights at the picnic was the blind deaf-mute, Albert Nolan, whose faithful brother, Frank, piloted him around. He has clear blue eyes, and if it were not for the appearance of vacancy in them, none, to look at him, would think he was blind. Frank said that Albert was now twenty years old, and that with the development of his mind, a feeling of unhappiness and discontent has grown like a cloud over his spirits. Having lost his sight at four years, his memory of the time when he could see the earth and the sky is still so vivid that the recollection of his loss is full of bitterness and anguish to him. This sad feeling can be plainly seen on his intelligent, expressive face, except when some one talks to him, on which occasion, the clouds disappear like the mist before the morning sun. Unlike the more fortunate Helen Keller, he is left too much to himself, and broods over his misfortune. The only remedy for him is to be kept constantly at some kind of work that will take him out of his lonely mental introspection as much as possible. The ability with which he uses English is an excellent testimony to the skill and patience of his teacher, Miss Flora Noyes.

Mr. Julius H. Lang, of Lynn, was anxious to see Editor Hodgson, in order to give him the wherewithal for a renewal of his subscription to the JOURNAL, but though many expected to meet the genial Mr. Hodgson, he was not *est*, having taken his departure for New York two or three days previously. Mr. Hodgson should not disappoint his new England friends again. Mr. Lang's sister in New York is dying of consumption, and he, like a good brother, is doing his share for her comfort during her last days on earth.

There were so many prominent deaf-mutes present at the picnic that it would be impossible to mention them all in this limited space. It was Mrs. Bowden who remarked that she had not seen so many of the best people together for so long a time, and that the picnic was almost as good as a convention of the N. E. G. A.

The young lady at the soda-fountain in the pavilion is said to have remarked confidentially that the deaf-mutes were the nicest set of people she ever saw on the grounds. She deserved to be treated to a glass of her own brewing.

It was generally reported that the proposed camping-out party at Westport, Me., has come to nothing, on account of the stars of the party having declined to go, Miss Flora Noyes and Miss Atkinson have other engagements, and Beau O'Rourke followed suit. Dan Nichols is said to have waited at the pier in Boston for the party, but not meeting them, returned home disconsolate at the failure of his joyous anticipations.

The Boston Society has closed its rooms for the month of August, and the patriarch, Prof. Weeks, delivered the last sermon on Sunday, taking for his subject, "Faith and Works," preaching the old doctrine that faith without works is dead and of no avail.

Robert Dion, of Lynn, who was thrown down and badly injured by an electric car, is out on his feet once more, apparently as well as ever. He stated that the car had not come round the corner when he crossed the road, and that he had three witnesses to prove that the motorman had put on full power and was talking with a friend, looking the other way when the car struck him. He was laid out alongside the track, and the car narrowly ran over his prostrate body. As it was, he was badly injured about the hip and chest, and was confined to the house for six weeks. He has accordingly begun a suit for damages against the company. Judge Converse, who ably defended Fred R. Stover, has been retained as one of his counsel.

We are getting tired and sick of the stupid obstinacy in pursuing Fred R. Stover after the judge has thrown his case out of court. I was aware of a foolish intention to press the case against Mr. Stover in the civil court, to make him pay for mistakes which were clearly to be attributed to the withholding of the books, funds and the written account of the president himself, but I had hoped that the idea would have been given up for the sake of peace and harmony in Boston. The statement that the N. E. G. A. would take up this dirty muddle at the Worcester Convention is false.

Here is what recently appeared in the Boston Herald:

DEAF-MUTES OF NEW ENGLAND.

When the New England Gallaudet Society of Deaf-Mutes meets in Worcester next Wednesday, Boston will be well represented. The local Gallaudet Society is an offshoot of the old Boston Deaf-Mute Society, and its one great object is to bring the deaf-mutes of the city together in social intercourse, and create a feeling of fraternity. The members are mostly mechanics, for the advances made in the methods of instruction have developed a class of men and women who, although under many disadvantages, are their more fortunate friends can hardly realize, are bright, intelligent, useful members of the community.

Thomas H. Gallaudet has been a great friend of the deaf-mutes in this country. During a visit to Paris he learned the sign language, and on his return to America was instrumental in getting the American Asylum in Hartford endowed by the United States Government.

The great majority of deaf-mutes has been educated, and they have numerous societies for all purposes.

The New England Society meets once every two years, and its sessions are always looked forward to with interest. During the past year the Boston Gallaudet Society has had some interesting experiences, and it is not unlikely that some of them will be brought up in the Worcester meeting.

A short time ago, the treasurer was before the courts on a charge of misappropriating the funds, and it was claimed at the time that the president and some of the other officers had been over-zealous in pressing the charges against him. Those who know the circumstances, however, say that this was not the case, and have been anxious to correct the statements made at that time.

The facts of the case are, that the treasurer of the society refused to give up the funds, and the case was taken into court, and the judge found that there were discrepancies, yet he was not convinced that they were made with the intention of defrauding the Society.

This case created considerable interest among the deaf-mutes in Boston, and has not yet been settled to the satisfaction of some of them.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION AT ROCHESTER, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, AUGUST 4TH AND 5TH.

Saturday opened with an excursion to and on Lake Winnepesaukee at noon, in which a goodly number, including some from outside, partook on Steamer "Mt. Washington," gliding gracefully along the shores, and they appreciated the oft-repeated beauty and sublime grandeur of the mountains bounding the lake, very much, and many of them have been expressing their gratification at taking in the sail on the lake and catching glimpses of pretty cottages and hotels, nestled among those beautiful hills.

Immediately on the landing of the boat at Alton Bay, we betook ourselves to the train for Rochester. After supper, the Association proceeded to a session in the vestry of the Congregational Church, with President W. E. White in the chair. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mr. Frisbee. Then President White delivered the following address:

WHAT IS WORK?

To do work is to overcome resistance, says the "International Encyclopedia." Work is essential to independence. How can we deaf-mutes secure employment to maintain life and to be independent of charity? It is necessary that we should be taught various arts of our choice, whatever they may be,—tailoring, cabinet-making, shoe-making and printing, or such like.

Happily industrial schools have been universally established in combination with literary knowledge of some manual arts, in order to sustain life, as well as to overcome a general prejudice to which fortunate persons are more or less addicted, to wit: that deafness incapacitates us for work, but as far as observation goes, the prejudice is decreasing while our reputation is practically increasing. In nearly all cases, we are doing much to satisfy those by whom we are employed, even more than is generally expected of us, considering our condition. That is to say, that we have acquired at school not only an intellectual training, but also a knowledge of some trade. It must be confessed, however, that in some cases, some deaf-mutes who have had no opportunity for a literary education, do, by close observation and practice acquire knowledge of tools, and are able to maintain themselves. But this occurs only in isolated cases.

Truly it is a great mistake to complain that a manual training is an obstacle to the acquisition of a literary training. This is a popular complaint with pupils as well as their parents, while they are oblivious of the future usefulness that awaits them after leaving school, but the pupils in leaving school will find it to their advantage, it being easier to secure work by proving or showing up their skill, which they have actually gained at industrial school.

I would like to suggest and urge that printing be added to those arts of tailoring, cabinet-making and shoe-making, already established at Old Hartford, for the fact is that several muties, on leaving school, are learning that art.

It may be necessary to urge that whenever deaf-mutes apply for work from a company that is prejudiced against them, that they be willing to work for a few days for nothing, if necessary, in order to gain the approval of the company, considering their skill. Happily nearly all deaf-mutes find employment at one trade or another after leaving school.

Secretary Blodgett's report was dispensed with, owing to the limited time.

Treasurer Deering made his report of the condition of the treasury, and showed the fund in a healthy condition. The expenditures were \$189.77 during the year, and the balance on hand is \$426.66. Accepted. Mr. Deering moved that the reserve fund of \$300 be increased to \$500. Adopted.

There was a lengthy discussion on the printing, as suggested by President White, taken part in by Messrs. Deering, Wright, Frisbee and Taylor. Mr. Frisbee put typewriting in addition to printing. Pres't White selected Messrs. Wright, Deering and Smith as a committee to get up a petition for the purpose of urging the school to add them to those branches taught. Mr. Frisbee was re-elected missionary for another year.

Mr. Smith moved that Portsmouth be selected as the place to hold the next convention, and a discussion as to the beauty of its surroundings and its facilities of access, was taken up by Messrs. Deering and Frisbee. Carried.

Mr. Deering moved to adjourn. Passed.

Then Prof. Clark lectured on the "Importance of Little Things," and additional remarks on the subject were made by Messrs. Frisbee, Deering, White, Taylor, Roberts and others.

We worshipped with the members of the Neil Memorial Free Baptist Church, Sunday forenoon. Rev. Dexter preached a very interesting sermon, Prof. Clarke interpreting into signs. In the evening we congregated at prayer meetings. Remarks by us as well as others. We were very cordially received, and there was a general hand-shaking, and the people showered "God bless you," etc., upon us.

Miss Grace Hastings, then visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee, came the longest distance to grace the Convention with her presence. We all found a pleasant lady in her.

The list of those present follows: W. E. White, W. A. Deering and wife, V. B. Wright, F. P. Blodgett, Ellen A. Young, Sophia M. Swett, Almos Smith, Sarah Smith, Grace Hastings, E. W. Frisbee and wife, H. G. Moody and wife, Mrs. C. A. Brown, Miss Hanson, Frank and Henry Hanson, A. B. Eaton, F. S. Parker, Fred S. and Fred L. Varney, M. P. Bickerell, H. H. Howe, F. P. Bartlett, Edward Skelly, Fred Scruton, Dana B. Taylor, W. E. Shaw, F. Roberts, O. Boston Nichols.

NEW HAMPSHIRE BOY.

GALLAUDET HOME.

Mr. Henry F. Herkner, a trustee of the home, made his annual visit on the 28th, and remained the following Tuesday, when he boarded the steamer "Mary Powell" for New York. During his stay here, Mr. Herkner went over the farm on a tour of inspection, the result of which will be published in the report for 1895.

The King's daughters, of Poughkeepsie, sent a large box of candies to the home, a short time ago, and we all had some. Their circle is known by the name of "Such as I Have." God bless the dear girls for their kind remembrance of us.

Messrs. Robert Ogle and Charles Blake called to see their friends lately and enjoyed a talk with them. The gentlemen came across the river from Newburgh. Mr. Blake was off on a vacation on account of the scarcity of work, but said he will soon return to the boat and shoe factory in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he is employed.

Mrs. Kipp is on the look out for another visit to her married daughter in the metropolis, and will of course have a splendid time.

Mr. Sprague had made a nice work box for a lady, living not far from this place. The blind man keeps himself busy in spite of the hot weather, which is almost intolerable. Miss Gardner conducted a couple of young friends through the buildings, Friday, the 20th.

Julia's brother Charley is working on the farm, but will go back to College in Claverack, N. Y., about the middle of September.

Some time prior to the departing for Europe, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet had his picture taken at Mr. Charles Gallup's photograph gallery in Poughkeepsie, and Mr. Gallup donated it to the home.

Prof. C. W. Van Tassel, of the Fanwood School, happened to be in Newburgh, N. Y., on Sunday, July 8th, and took opportunity to surprise his friends here with a visit, the next day. It is needless to say that he received a hearty welcome. He told them about Orris Benson, who through deprived of three of his senses is a remarkably bright boy, and does great credit to Mr. Van Tassel's untiring efforts to teach him. This is but one of many proofs of the superiority of the combined system of educating deaf-mutes over the oral method.

A lady in New York, whose name your correspondent was unable to ascertain, forwarded a dozen carpet mats to the home recently.

Among the deaf-mutes on Blackwell Island last June, was Mr. Wm. Temple, who came to this country from Quebec in the Queen's dominion several years ago. He was to have had an operation performed on one of his hands.

Mary Smith, the uneducated inmate, is confined to her room with a stroke of paralysis, and may not be able to walk again. She is very old.

Mr. Gardner resumed his duties as supervisor on the 17th, having whiled away a fortnight in Western New York.

Several days ago, Miss Fischel found a swallow's nest concealed among the vines outside of her room window, and brought it to the writer to look at. Then Lizzie carried the nest to Mrs. Nicholson, who kept it.

Mrs. Cordelia Edwards, the new inmate of whom mention was made in this paper of a recent issue, has a deaf-mute son and daughter. They are married and live out west. The old lady is preparing a lot of pretty iron holders of different sizes and colors, which will be on sale at our coming lawn party.

Mr. Nelson and Miss Nelson were at the home on business two weeks ago. Miss Nelson and her sister, Leila, have been to Newport, R. I., this summer, and enjoyed a lovely visit.

Supervisor Gardner announced the pleasant news, on the 21st ult., that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet had reached his foreign destination two days previous. It was a surprisingly quick voyage across the Atlantic. We hope Dr. Gallaudet will write up an account of his visit abroad for the JOURNAL.

Last Monday morning Mrs. C. H. Roberts, of the ladies board, came here with her two sons.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, at Wappingers Falls, which our servants attend, was struck by lightning during a thunder storm which prevailed recently, but the damage done did not amount to much.

LOUISE.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

We are in receipt of a copy of the much talked of *National Repeasant* of Chicago—the only paper for the deaf that is not under State support, and whose "platform scale" is "Single Method Schools Must Go." Many thanks to the sender; we may subscribe in the future, although we differ in opinion. Our platform is Oralism. Single Method Schools may stay as long as they are doing good toward the education of the deaf. Oral schools have been a long-felt-want, and so long as they are turning out pupils properly they may remain where they are.

The Allentown picnic was a decided success over the ones held heretofore. There were about thirty present, and quite a number of hearing people were also with the deaf. The day was spent in games, conversation, and every thing that a picnic is accustomed to have or ought to have. The man who runs the merry-go-round scooped in a number of nickels from his patrons (the deaf), the restaurant

and ice-cream stands did a good business, and everybody in general who had a stand or the like had a deaf customer. "Central Park" with its menagerie was a place to be visited. The oldest deaf person present was Miss Eliza Keck, aged 82 years. She does not look that much, as she is so hale and hearty and so lively that any one told she was 82 would doubt it. Rev. Koehler, of Philadelphia, was also another picnicer, but he left early in the afternoon for Philadelphia where he preached this Sunday.

COLUMBUS.

The New Superintendent Assumes Office.

MR. P. P. PRATT GOES TO MICHIGAN.

Incidents of the Week.

(From our Columbus correspondent.)

It is Superintendent Eagleson now, if you please. On Wednesday the formal induction was made. There was no stir made. In fact, nothing was observable to indicate the stepping out of one man and the coming in of another to assume control of the management of the Institution. The only sign that there was a change being made was the furniture about the halls, and by one unaccustomed to the place it would have been attributed to a genuine case of housecleaning. The outgoing Superintendent had moved out Monday, and on Tuesday, the new appointee brought his household goods down from his North High Street residence, and on Wednesday assumed charge. Thus the only appearance about the place that a change has been made, is to find a new man in the office when one has business to transact there. It is too early to premise what sort of an administration the Institution and those connected therewith will experience. It is the earnest and sincere wish of all, that the turbulent troubles and unpleasant-at-times features which have beset the Institution through a couple of administrations will not be repeated. Judging from what has been said of Mr. Eagleson as a man of strong character, well-fitted to rule over an institution of this kind, we have reason to believe that the school is on higher and broader ground; and that it will not soon again be brought into unsought-for notoriety, such as has been the case in previous years.

He will have the active and hearty co-operation of the teachers in his work to strengthen and build up the good name of the Institution, and if he fails it will not be through their fault or lack of interest.

Without pretending to give advice as to what he should and should not do, there is one error he should avoid. Let him be Superintendent in fact, not in name. When an order is given, let it be carried out, and not be countermanded through the influence of a second person or set of persons who are under him, and who imagine they are there to give advice or that the Institution will never be successful unless everything is done as they think. If the true history of the troubles from which the Institution suffered under the recent administration and under a former one were given, it would be found that they arose from following the advice of certain lady employees to which the Superintendent lent ear when orders were given which did not meet with their approval. There were thus several in authority. It created factions hostile to each other, jealousies among employees, and as a consequence, ruptures, which grew until, as we all know, the public became aware of the internal bickerings within. Such occurrences are greatly deprecated, and every sincere friend of the school hopes and prays that the new man will be entirely free from such entanglements.

People about the Institution were given a little surprise Wednesday, in the resignation of Mr. P. P. Pratt, as foreman of the shoe-shop.

The resignation came unexpectedly. That which led Mr. Pratt to this step was his appointment to a similar position in the Michigan Institution. He has had charge of the shop here since 1863, excepting an intermission of two and a half years, 1887-1890, which was caused by unjust removal through the pique of the then superintendent. He was, however, reinstated as soon as a new man became Superintendent. Mr. Pratt is a man who understands his trade. He has made the shoe-shop here what it is, and if he had been given greater scope, would have greatly enlarged its usefulness to the pupils. The cause for his resignation was the inducements held out by the Michigan School-larger salary and free from political changes and assessments. We congratulate the State of Michigan upon securing such a good man. We congratulate Mr. Pratt upon his good luck. At the same time we regret that the political conditions in Ohio is to her disadvantage in that she loses her best and trained servants to other States where faithfulness, experience, and energy are more appreciated and rewarded.

Mr. Pratt will remain in the shop here till August 15th. He will not remove his family to Flint before Spring. Superintendent Clarke, of the Michigan School, desires to put the teaching of shoemaking to the pupils to better advantage, do away with old-time cobbling, and introduce modern methods. In looking about for a competent man, who understands the business and at the same time is able to converse with those under him, he made the above choice.

Mr. L. D. Waite, of the County Recorder's office, has been given a deserved ten days' vacation. This

morning he started with his family for Chillicothe, the ancient metropolis of Ohio, to seek rest and pleasure among the hills and valleys down there.

Mrs. Pearl Dunham, nee Harrison, was a visitor to Columbus this week, bidding good-bye to old friends prior to her departure for her southern home.

Mr. C. W. Charles is back from his vacation, and reports having had a pleasant time.

John Gariety reached town the middle of the week in search of work, but up to this writing is still on the look-out.

J. P. Davis, one of the attendants discharged in June, commenced work as kitchen man on the 1st inst.

It is given out in the daily press that lady attendants, denominated as "Mothers," will have charge of the boys, and that the supervisor, when chosen, will be known hereafter as "Gentleman in Charge."

Miss Carrie Kuhner, of the bindery, took this week off, to visit the Southern Ohio Fair and friends down in the Scioto Valley.

A. B. G.

August 4, '94.

IN MR. TILDEN'S HONOR.

An Animated but Silent Reception to the Deaf-Mute Sculptor.

THE DEAF-MUTE BRANCH OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN AN INTERESTING MEETING LAST NIGHT.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Douglas Tilden, the young sculptor who recently returned from Paris after seven years abroad, was welcomed home last night by the deaf-mute branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. The meeting was held in the upper hall of the association, and about fifty persons were present.

The reception was informal and the evening was principally devoted to the animated conversation of the fingers. The following poem in honor of the sculptor was recited by Miss Mollie E. Wright, of California Street, with her fingers, of course.

TO MR. DOUGLAS TILDEN.

"Home again from a foreign shore,"
Home to thy native land once more,
We welcome thee, old friend of yore.

Seven long years have passed since we
Said farewell, old friend, to thee,
Bade thee "God-speed" over the sea."

Where the rippling sunbeams dance
In that pleasant land of France,
Fame turned toward thee her bright glance.

To see the thing thy genius planned,
Wrought out by thy skillful hand,
In its carved beauty stand.

And so, across the seas there came
Fresh laurels daily for thy name,
And we rejoice to hear thy fame.

Nor could we e'er forget thy face,
While the "ball-thrower's" stalwart grace
In our Park holds honored place.

And so, dear friend, we hold it sweet,
This form in which again we meet,
This hour that sees us once more greet.

Each face is lit with friendship light,
And read thou, on these faces bright
Welcome, welcome home to-night!

An address of welcome was delivered by E. H. Goodrich, and Mr. Tilden, who speaks only the sign-language, responded. A supper was the concluding feature.

Theodore Grady, President of the deaf-mute branch of association and an instructor at Berkeley, presided. Others present at the reception were: Professor S. Strong Perry and William A. Caldwell, of the Berkeley Institute, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Crandall, Mr. and Mrs. William Neeley, Mrs. Elizabeth Shoff, Mrs. Albert Brown, Miss Nellie Tilden, Miss Cole, of Oakland, City Treasurer James Harlan, of Woodland, who is a deaf-mute; D. H. Goodrich, a deaf student at the University of California; Miss General John McComb, Miss Lizzie McComb, Miss Mollie Durkee, John Connelly, Kossuth Selig and Solomon Schlamm.

Testimony of the Ages.

Thou shalt not drink wine or anything that may intoxicate.—*Buddhist Commandment.*

Temperance is a tree which has contentment for its root and peace for its fruit.—*Arabian Maqim.*

Bodily enjoyment depends on health, and health depends on temperance.—*Thales, of Greece, 640 B. C.*

Strength of mind depends upon sobriety, for this keeps reason unclouded by passion.—*Pythagoras, of Greece, 580 B. C.*

Far from me be the gift of Bacchus—pernicious, inflaming wine, that weakens both body and mind.—*Homer, of Greece, 900 B. C.*

Look not upon the wine when it is red, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—*King Solomon, 1015 B. C.*

It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is made weak.—*Paul the Apostle, 50 A. D.*

While the intemperate man inflicts evil upon his friends, he brings far more evil upon himself. Not only to ruin his family, but also to bring ruin on his own body and soul, is the greatest wrong that any man can commit.—*Socrates, 469 B. C.*

The man who drinks intoxicating liquor pulls up his own root, even in this world. Dig up thirst by the roots, that the tempter may not crush you again and again, as the stream crushes the weeds.—*Bukha Sakya, Hindoo, born 627 B. C.*

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Mr. "Dandy" Colgan, as he is called on account of his fashionable tastes, spent the Fourth in Susquehanna, Pa., for the purpose of seeing his sister Etta, a pupil of the Philadelphia Institution, who is now enjoying a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. King and Mr. Henry O'Hara celebrated the Fourth by visiting Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Miss Prudence Lewis, of the New York Institution, after enjoying a week's outing at the home of her niece, Mrs. Humphrey, went to Nanticoke, N. Y., for a short visit. They both passed a pleasant evening at Mrs. King's house.

Misses Edith Gray and Lizzie Norton, of the New York Institution, are on a vacation.

Mr. Zeikel Gage, who has been out of employment for three weeks, expects to be called to work on the new Commercial Traveler's Home, which will begin to be built this Fall.

Mr. Will Donohue had a good time at the lake beach in Syracuse, on one day's excursion trip last week.

Now is the time to enjoy an outing. The roads being dusty, the dust arises to choke and annoy, while the warm, sultry weather of the city makes it a delight and a joy to be out in the country, by lake or mountain, and bask in its healthful atmosphere. Messrs. C. Colgan, King and O'Hara, being desirous to escape from the dust and heat of the city, will enjoy pitching a camp on the Susquehanna River, next month.

The Elmo Club is not dead yet, but it has been in a bad fix, and causes us to blush. The trouble arose from one member, who was so ambitious he desired to be elevated to the presidency of the club, regardless of the wishes of the others. Sometimes a member can have as great an influence for good if he is content to be a helper instead of a leader. If each mute, upon entering the society, would only determine that no matter what the others would say or think, he would never do anything unless he felt sure it was right, he would help the others by setting them a good example. We deaf-mutes should endeavor to form a society with a purpose beyond selfish enjoyment, and also learn to know and appreciate each other more. This should be our chief aim, and the fun and enjoyment which comes in sometimes will only tend to make us more harmonious together. We are all old enough to understand the benefits and advantages such a society would afford us.

Mr. Tilbury, of Union, N. Y., wheeled on his bicycle to Binghamton for a visit, some days ago.

BINGO.

July 28, '94.

The First Strike on Record.

Livy, in his famous book, "The Annals," ix., 30, relates in the following suggestive words the story of a singular strike which occurred at Rome in the year 3000 B. C., and was probably the first strike ever known:

"That year occurred an event little worthy of being related, and which I would pass in silence had it not appeared as involving religion. The flute-players, dissatisfied because the latest censors had forbidden them to take part in the banquet in Jupiter's Temple, withdrew, every one of them, to Tibur, so that nobody was left at Rome to play during the sacrifices. This incident shocked the religious sentiment of the Senate, and the Senators sent messengers to invite the inhabitants of Tibur to make every effort in order that the players should be restored to the Romans. The Tiburtines, having promised not to neglect anything necessary for that purpose, caused the flute-players to come to the place where the Senate met and exhorted them to go back to Rome. Seeing that they could not prevail upon them to do so, they employed a stratagem in keeping with their character. On a day of festival, under the pretext that music would increase the joy of the feast, every citizen invited the flute-players individually to his house, and wine, of which people of that profession are usually fond, was given to them in such quantities that they fell into a deep sleep. They were then thrown into wagons and transported to Rome. They only became aware of what had happened on the day after, when dawn surprised them laying on the carts, which had been left in the forum. A large crowd had assembled, and they were induced to promise that they would remain at Rome. The right of attending the banquets was restored to these flute-players.—*New York Tribune.*

ERIE, PA.

Ben Hartman and Ovid Cohen with twenty-one Erie riders made a run to Mayville, N. Y., Sunday morning, July 29th. The party met at Hoffmann's restaurant and started at four o'clock in the morning, stopping at Northeast and arriving at Mayville at 8 o'clock. After breakfast at the Barton House the riders took the "City of Cleveland" to Jamestown, N. Y., where dinner was had. They returned to Mayville on the "City of Chicago," and left for Erie at 5 o'clock, arriving home at nine. The run was a thorough success. The party will probably make another run to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and other cities this month.

O. C.

FANWOOD.

A Night-Blooming Cereus on Exhibition.

THE MAIN BUILDING HALLS BEING BEAUTIFIED.

Accident to Miss Meigs—The Typos to Go Fishing—Brevities.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

Those staying at the Institution enjoyed a rare sight on Saturday evening last. It was the simultaneous blooming of four buds of a night-blooming cereus. This wonderful plant belongs to the Cactus species and is called the *Cactus Grandiflorus*. The flowers are very large, beautiful and sweet-scented. The calyx is of a splendid yellow, enclosing five or six pure-white petals. It begins to open in the evening, about seven o'clock, and in a couple of hours is in full bloom. During four or five hours the flower is unsurpassingly beautiful, but before morning it has closed again forever. There are several buds still on the plant, which are expected to bloom in September, and the pupils will be entertained and instructed by an object lesson of this wonderful plant and flower.

Last week, Messrs. Jones and Cook, under the supervision of Principal Currier, carefully removed the contents of the mineral, conchological and curio cabinets in the main hall. They were all marked so that they can be returned to their proper places when the cabinets are set up in Room 6 of the school building. As all the minerals were catalogued in 1888 by Prof. E. H. Currier, then the curator, it was necessary to make a very careful job of the removal, so that no extra work or disastrous confusion would be entailed. The entire hallway walls of the main building are to be decorated. The hall at the main entrance and rotunda will be of Pompeian red, the wood-work cream, and the ceilings and cornices harmoniously tinted. The floors and stairways will be stained and varnished, bringing out their grand proportions to the best. The oil paintings and numerous plaster busts, will be arranged in an artistic manner in the main hall in the places formerly occupied by the mineral and other cabinets. The Carlin masterpiece will be given a prominent place in the rotunda. Ballin's portrait of Dr. I. L. Peet, Emeritus-Principal of the Institution, will be placed where it will show to the best advantage. These two oil paintings by deaf-mutes are the only examples of art work in oil that the Institution possesses.

Miss Jane T. Meigs met with an accident on Monday, that might have been serious. While carrying the night-blooming cereus from the main hall to the flower plot on the lawn, she missed her footing and fell on the stairway of the piazza. She received a cut on her forehead that Dr. Alexander attended to, and the precious plant was shattered to a considerable extent.

On Friday morning, August 10th, if the weather be fair, Editor Hodgson will take the JOURNAL printers on a fishing expedition to the Chocoma Banks, about twenty miles out on the ocean. They all hope to do something towards depopulating the briny deep.

On Sunday afternoon, Messrs. W. Hanson, H. Probst, F. Avens, W. Abrams and "Tresmal" took a walk to "beauteous" Fort George to see the sights there. The Fort is getting very popular as a Sunday afternoon resort, and has some of the characteristics of Coney Island.

On Sunday morning, Prof. W. G. Jones preached in the boys' sitting-room, as usual. His text was from Colossians 3:12. He accompanied his sermon with a very interesting story.

Thomas Brennan, aged twenty years, who gave his residence as 321 East 59th Street, jumped off a train that was passing just in front of the Institution, late on Monday morning, and had a gash cut in his head that reached from his forehead to the back of his neck, also another cut in his right knee. Two policemen brought him to the rear of the Institution, and Principal Currier summoned the hospital nurse, who attended the injured man until an ambulance arrived, which conveyed him to Manhattan Hospital.

Mr. Theo. I. Lounsbury, of New York City, was here on Monday afternoon, prior to witnessing the New York-Brooklyn ball game at the Polo Grounds with Nightwatch W. L. Hanson.

Messrs. William Coombs and Robert N. Stevenson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were here on Wednesday afternoon, the 1st.

Mr. John H. Goor was over on Wednesday evening, August 1st, and on Sunday the 5th.

Principal Currier returned here on Monday, July 30th.

Steward Wilcox and family left on Friday morning, the 3d, for a month's vacation at Essex, N. Y., near the estate of Principal Currier.

Miss Prudence Lewis has returned from her vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. George Berner, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were here on Sunday afternoon with their two children.

Mr. R. E. Maynard, a graduate, was over on Saturday morning.

Mr. John E. O'Brien, a former

pupil, was here on Sunday, to disclose the interesting fact that he had become a reporter for the Interstate Press Association.

Mr. Frank A. Stryker, a former pupil, was here with the foreman of the *Florist's Exchange* of this city, on which he is employed, on Monday evening. They were shown the printing office and new engine and laundry building, by Editor Hodgson.

TRESMAL.

August 7, 1894.

PHILADELPHIA.

There was a flood-tide of visitors last Saturday and yesterday in Atlantic City, as the Philadelphia shoemakers and shoemakers' employees, 8,000 strong, went down to the seashore for a good time. It is needless to say they had it. Several deaf-mutes were there then.

Mr. Otto Koenig, a first-class steel engraver, will sojourn in Valley Forge, Pa., from next week, and in other places, until he buys a house and gets "settled down" next Fall. He has our best wishes.

Mr. Joseph Dorfner and his fellow-workmen have finished painting the large steam yacht, "Margarita," belonging to Mr. Drexel.

Mrs. M. J. Syle bought a handsome 12-roomed house, at 137 Maplewood Street in Germantown, for \$5,500, last Thursday. She will get the title and deeds of the property within two weeks, and will have some alterations and improvements made before long. She expects to remove her household effects in September. We extend our congratulations to her.

The following is from one of the dailies: "Cards have been received announcing the birth of Helen Tilling-hast Himrod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Himrod, of Erie, Pa. Mrs. Himrod is at the home of her parents, her father being a prominent lawyer, in Columbia, South Carolina. Both were formerly pupils of Kendall school, Washington, D. C."

Mr. Jos. Dorfner complained to your reporter that he has been very sick for a few days, from drinking the foul water of the Delaware River. He had to drink "red hot water" while working on the yacht "Margarita."

Rev. Mr. Koehler conducted a service with Holy Communion at All Souls' Church yesterday morning. Miss Kuebler, of Pottsville, Pa., and five sisters, Misses Laird, Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie, of Palmyra, N. J., and Mr. Chas. H. Sharrar, of Royers, Pa., were among the congregation.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Henry Lipsett will be named Helen Ruth Lipsett before long.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Jas. E. Morony and Mrs. Martin C. Fortescue were on the sick list during the previous week.

Though All Souls' Club opens its doors every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, no meetings have been held since June, as the members seem to enjoy their rest at home or at the seashore during the scorching season.

Mr. Chas. Waterhouse, who left school at Mt. Airy last June, is now working for his father, in his broom manufactory, at \$225 Wharton Street. He expects to be taken into partnership with his father some day.

Messrs. H. S. Stevenson and Oscar Adler arrived home in good shape from their pleasure-trip in Baltimore, stating that they enjoyed themselves a good deal, and thank the Baltimoreans for their generous hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Carney have our sympathy upon the sudden loss of their child.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., Aug. 6, '94.

LOADED WITH JEWELS.

"MUTE MAHATMA" BALDWIN RETURNS FROM THE ORIENT WITH A PECK OF PRECIOUS STONES.

NEW YORK, July 19.—Samri S. Baldwin, the "Mute Mahatma," after many times circumnavigating the globe with his wife, "The Modern Witch of Endor," has just returned from India with a peck of jewels.

Mr. Baldwin went to India in 1880 to investigate occult work, and again for the same purpose in 1883, 1887 and 1891. He was regarded as a wonderful fellow by the native princes, and so tickled the various rajahs, maharajahs and sultans, that they initiated him into no end of their secret societies, and showered him with gems. All through the east the potentates made him substantial expressions of their high esteem. The mikado gave him a handful of diamonds and a large sapphire butterfly. The Sultan of Johore gave Mrs. Baldwin a diamond ring, a diamond brooch and diamond ear-rings.

"Almost every little rajah up the country," said Mr. Baldwin to-day, "gave us loose gems, jeweled rings, studs and pins. In Japan, on a second visit, the mikado gave Mrs. Baldwin three embroidered silk dresses in Jap style."

Mr. Baldwin has enough diamonds of every color, sapphires, some of them white; rubies, some of them green, and precious stones of all the hues of the spectrum to fill a peck measure. These he got in the Golconda mines, Ceylon, China, and all parts of the Orient.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

The most valuable scavengers about the streets and in the sewers of a large city are the rats.

NEW YORK.

All Aboard for Worcester.

A BIG TIME AT SOUTH BEACH.

"Tigg's" Budget of News.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Going to Worcester? This is the query just now. A hundred are not going, to be sure, but there may be a dozen, but those who make up this dozen will be a jolly sort of a crowd. The sail up the sound will be a most delightful one, and it is doubtful if any will get much sleep during the night. There is nothing to compare with the delight of sitting on the upper deck of a palatial sound steamer, watching the sun set beyond the horizon and the beautiful colors reflected on the sky and clouds after it has set, and then enjoying the strong breezes as the boat glides through darkness and probably through a moon-lit sea. Those who know the value of a sail up Long Island Sound will be glad of the opportunity now offered. Indeed, I know of at least one who is going with the crowd just for the sail, and is to go no further than New London. He will return home Sunday and be at work on time Monday morning. This gentleman would like to go on to Worcester, but it is impossible for him to be absent from work. There may be others to accompany him on his return.

Mr. Pach, who sells a round-trip ticket to and from Worcester or New London and return, tells me he has quite a number of enquiries and has sold some tickets. It will pay to purchase tickets of him, for he throws in a berth gratis. It will be a "jolly crowd," as "Hypo" says, and those who join it will declare it the best part of their vacation.

Sunday was Deaf-Mutes' Day at South Beach. There were at least forty of them, the majority composed of members of the German Club, while a few others were from the Fanwood Club, and more were by themselves in twos and threes. The German Club had arranged for a regular picnic at this place and some of the members brought along their families. They had their headquarters at Otto Credro's South Beach Hotel, where a splendid dinner was served early in the afternoon. In the evening, they and some others repaired to Brown's Hotel and enjoyed a spread on the lawn, returning home after dark. Among the many at the beach during the day were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Eckardt and children, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Hoffman and children, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Meinken and child, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. I. Lounsbury and son, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Nibler and children, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tobin, Louis Morris and lady, Chas. J. Le Clercq, Alfred Klemme, Henry Meyer, Morris Korngold, Mr. Schneider and brother, Henry Miller and friend, Charles Haar, Mr. Schiefer, Gus. Fersonheim, F. Kopas, L. Lowenstein, P. Kearth, A. Ginsler, L. Kahn and S. Werner.

Otto Credro's South Beach Hotel is the best place on the beach, having all necessary advantages, pavilions and bath houses. It is well patronized and Mr. Credro is a very genial host, being particular about the treatment of his guests. The dinner he serves at 50 cents is as good as could be got for two or three times the price. Deaf-mutes congregate there almost every Sunday, and those who go to the beach alone are quite sure of finding friends at this hotel.

Robert E. Maynard is at Ocean Grove, N. J. During last week he visited Fort Edward, Schuylerville, Saratoga and Glens Falls, N. Y., arriving in town Friday, and leaving next day for the great camp meeting resort by the sea.

The many friends of "uncle" James F. O'Neil have been on the *qui vive* as to what part of the country he was making his abode. A recent letter announces "uncle Jim" has been in Canada, and at last accounts was on the move from Quebec. During his stay he visited the different deaf-mute schools, and speaks well of the Canadians, and their large, through rather queer city. Rev. Father Belanger is not dead, according to Mr. O'Neil, though in poor health, and is passing his days at one of the schools for the deaf in Montreal. Mr. O'Neil paid a visit to the shrine of St. Ann's with the hope of getting some relief for his poor eyesight. This place is visited by thousands of pilgrims daily, and many miracles are said have happened to those afflicted with sickness, and other infirmities. "Uncle Jim" does not expect to return to New York till the latter part of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinsey, of Brooklyn, with their son, are spending a two weeks' outing at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. Following that period, Mrs. Kinsey will go to Summit, N. J., to remain a fortnight with her friends who live there. Mr. Kinsey meantime returns home to resume business and keep Bachelor's Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. Ward, as live and as prosperous looking as ever, passed through town Friday a week ago. During the week following, Mrs. Ward was the guest of Mrs. Kinsey. Mr. Ward and Mrs. Kinsey killed time during the visit

between Brooklyn and Rockaway, crabbing and fishing.

Writing to a friend in this city, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberts would seem to be at peace with all the world at their snug rural retreat at Walkill, Ulster Co., N. Y. Their little farm has turned out a bonanza, producing everything of high quality in the line of vegetables. They have their cow, who has been christened "Bess," though the pride of their farm is a live little porker that responds to the name of "Tigg." When the Quad Club give another set of games, it is probable "Tigg" will do the honors in the pig race, and elude capture by the slickest of the Quad Club sprinters. Mrs. Williams, of Harlem, the mother of Dr. Williams, is sojourning with Mrs. Roberts. An occasional wagon ride takes Mr. and Mrs. Roberts to the Koffman homestead, and they always meet with a cordial reception. The Koffman boys are doing well and seem contented with life on the farm. Miss Minnie Koffman was pleasantly surprised to meet in Mrs. Roberts' niece, a former college mate at the Normal College. James Thorne is a neighbor of the Roberts'. He lives with his folks on a farm, and was a former Fanwood pupil.

At last accounts, Mr. and Mrs. Heyman were enjoying themselves in the vicinity of Lake Champlain.

Mrs. James Russell and two children will spend a couple of weeks at Far Rockaway. Mr. Russell, who has just had a saddle built to suit his ample dimensions, will spend weekdays in equestrian exercise, and on Sundays will visit his family at the seashore.

Mrs. Wm. G. Pownall, of Philadelphia, has been the guest of Miss Nellie Kelly, of East New York, during the past week. Mrs. Pownall looks exceedingly well, and before returning home will visit her many friends and relatives in this vicinity.

J. Blake and his friend, whose name he forgot to mention, donned bathing costumes and tried to hold the surf at Rockaway from encroaching on their manly forms Sunday last. Otherwise they had a good time.

Fred Knox goes to the Pennsylvania Convention, unless unforeseen incidents happen to upset his plans.

Frank Turner's father was met the other day, and without any introduction proved an agreeable gentleman to meet.

Miss Nellie Kelly will rusticate for a few weeks at Lawrence, Long Island.

James Donnelly treated several friends to a sail from Canarsie to Rockaway, L. I., August 5th, on his yacht "Yankee." Arthur Sundstrom, an amateur skipper of note had charge of the tiller, and cleared the many sand bars abounding in Jamaica Bay with the skill of an older hand at the business.

James P. Mahoney was one of the party, and displayed his ability as a salt water sailor by frequent warnings. He "smelled rain" during the forenoon. It was probably for that reason the day was a perfect one, though the breeze at no time was of sufficient force to test the racing qualities of the "Yankee's" owner. Somehow or other, Commodore Donnelly can't whistle, and hence the absence of a breeze.

TED AND TIGG.

Words of Wisdom.

He only half dies who leaves an image of himself in his sons.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a whole ship.

The more you love yourself the less you will be loved by others.

Some people love each other without thinking anything about it.

Man makes the conscience oftener than conscience makes the man.

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.

It is much easier to love some people than it is to agree with them.

There is a long and weary step between admiration and imitation.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

The harder a woman's

